

MONDAY.....	149,680
TUESDAY.....	71,940
WEDNESDAY.....	75,300
THURSDAY.....	76,040
FRIDAY.....	76,780
SATURDAY.....	78,140

FREE SUGAR FOR THE POOR.

The "case facts about sugar" presented in THE EVENING WORLD to-day show how the tariff-created monopoly has been able to exact its tribute from the people.

They show, also, how to deal a staggering blow at the Sugar Trust.

The higher grades of refined sugar are quite clean enough for many culinary uses. They would be bought by the poor in preference to the higher-priced grades of refined. But under our beautiful tariff these "raw sugars" are kept out by high duties. The lower grades, that must be refined, are favored, and the Trust gets the benefit of its monopoly.

The usable grades of raw sugar should be admitted free of duty.

THE WOMEN WORKERS.

When the question of women's political rights is raised it is common for men to say: "The women will have the ballot when they ask for it. They get anything that they want, but they don't want to vote."

It is a pity that women can't get some of the rights they do want—such as equal pay for equal work, done side by side with men; a living price for labor; decent provisions for their comfort and health in stores and shops, and just treatment generally by their employers.

It is to secure this treatment that the work-folk are organizing. It is a pity they should have to do so, but "pity 'tis 'tis true."

STILL APPEALING.

Boss Pratt has five times appealed to the people of this State, and they have repudiated him and all his works.

Notwithstanding these adverse decisions he has hung on to an office longer after his term had expired. And now that the Supreme Court has decided that he was never legally qualified to hold it, the little Boss has appealed again.

The grip of grim death to a deceased African is as nothing compared to the grip of a Republican politician to an office.

SIMPLY A DYING KICK.

The moribund and mortgaged Sun gives THE EVENING WORLD's popular Police Captain Stories the benefit of a free advertisement to the extent of its dwindling circulation.

This is very kind, but it really wasn't necessary. THE EVENING WORLD is moving on quite satisfactorily upon its merits. The people like its stories, and all its other special features. Figures talk. Facts speak.

It is the figures and the facts that disturb our left-behind contemporary and not any concern for the Captains, who are quite able to take care of themselves.

As the practical old woman said to her spasmodically agitated husband: "Go on with your dying, but for pity's sake don't tear the bedclothes."

THE FENCE IS DOWN.

If Mrs. LANTORY is disposed to lament the removal of her fence, erected to "cheat surprise and prying eyes," let her remember the words of the poet (as amended): "Beauty is its own excuse for being"—seen.

Our pretty saleswomen and shopgirls, some of them quite as handsome as the lovely LILY, are not so ungracious as to hide their front windows behind a fence. They haven't the money, in the first place.

There are always the shutters and curtains for needful protection, and these are not so ungraciously repellent as a high board fence. If Peeping Toms or dawning dudes annoy them, let their kitchenmaid turn upon them a stream from the sidewalk wash.

The husband who has twice taken back and forgiven his eloping wife, only to lose her a third time, is evidently trying to rob Jon of his long-sustained reputation as "the most patient man in town."

It is simple truth to say that the lads who are killed by cigarettes are not their only "victims." A great many innocent persons are compelled to endure their noxious smoke.

Bismarck has the floor for to-morrow. THE EVENING WORLD will give him double rates for an advance copy of his speech; there is nothing niggardly about us.

The dicker birds say that the chips from the crumbling ceiling are not the only kind that some of the Albany Solons are familiar with.

The boy who stole a WORLD Almanac certainly had a correct idea of values.

The Boston blue-stockings have been debating the tariff question, and, to their credit be it said, they decided against protection.

Women's ideas of a tariff are best disclosed in the saying, based on fact, that they are "natural smugglers."

IN TOMPKINS MARKET.

Smiling Harry Alengarten is always in a good humor.

William Doubleday does a good business in ox, sheep and hens.

"Mice" Tully, the watchman, is ready to watch anything, from a dog fight to a ten-story building.

"Russian" Julius Schuster, a buyer for Zahn, is called "Russian" because of the way he attends to business.

Tom Seenan knows his business and when he hands down a decision about meat chopping no one disputes him.

Carl Hermann's desire to introduce "homing turkeys" in this country. He belongs to innumerable benevolent societies.

Francis Duval has a stand away down in the southeast corner of the building. Selling fish is a favorite pastime with him.

WORLDINGS.

Divorces were granted to a mother and her daughter on the same day in the Circuit Court at Gladwin, Mich., recently.

Ah Lin Sin, the richest Chinaman in San Francisco, is a millionaire, and there is a Chinaman in Laporte, Cal., whose fortune is reckoned at \$20,000,000.

Rev. Thomas W. Cain, rector of St. Philip's Episcopal Church, in Hilemont, who has just accepted a call to Galveston, Tex., is the first colored minister ordained in Virginia in the Episcopal Church.

Pope Leo is very fond of the classical languages, of which he has a wide and critical knowledge. He knows Horace and Virgil by heart, and his poems in praise of the Virgin Mary are models of Latin versification.

The petrified body of a man was recently discovered in a gulch near Dayton, Ore., by a farmer. The body was leaning against a small bluff, and when the clothing was removed had all the appearance of a statue carved from gray stone.

The trace of famous duelling pistols which were used at the famous Col. Shannon meeting, when Col. Shannon was killed, were recently exhibited in a summer (S. C.) barroom. They are owned by Gen. E. W. Morse and have been used in a dozen or more duels.

The finest solitary diamonds found in Washington are said to be those in the earrings of Mrs. Langhorne, a Virginia lady whose husband made a great fortune in tobacco. These stones are valued at \$5,000 each, and she has a necklace to match which cost \$20,000.

The Duke of Westminster is reputed to have a larger income than any other subject of Great Britain. He owns raw upon row of tenement-houses and possesses many square miles of farming land. He receives \$50 a minute the year round, or \$3,000 an hour, or \$75,000 a day.

Miss Martha Ellen Holahan is a new person who has come out of the West. She lives at Millville, Minn., and writes her verses at intervals while acting as station agent and telegraph operator for the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad. She is twenty-eight years old, is attractive but not beautiful, and has a wealth of auburn hair. Her poetry calls to mind that of Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THE LILY'S FENCE.

The Lily's fence by the wayside stood. Listen to this tale of woe. Not very handsome—twas made of wood—Well out on the sidewalk there it stood. It stood, it stood.

Hard trials for Charlotte. Hard, indeed, the Lily's lot. Free from espionage it was not, Was not, was not.

Listen to this tale of woe. The Lily's beauty hid from view. Listen to this tale of woe.

Her neighbors' plained they could not see through this barrier high, and they raised a hue, A hue, a hue.

And cry which was hearkened to. Listen to this tale of woe.

To-day the Incumbence Bureau wrought To move the obstruction from the road. Hard, indeed, the Lily's lot; The fence which once was now is not, Is not, is not.

Listen to this tale of woe. QUIT.



A Letter.
FIVE STAR, N. M.,— "G.
MY DEAR JACK: I had a narrow escape of it that week. Got captured by Man-Affraid-He-Wouldn't-Get-There, and was tied to a tree preparatory to some interesting tomahawk practice. I asked permission to have one last smoke, and on the being granted I lighted one of those cigars you sent me. I have never had so general a garbation defense. All well. Yours sincerely,
TOM ASHLEY, U. S. A.
To John Shearman, esq., New York.

Visitors at the Hotel.
Slate Treasurer Fitzgerald, whose home is in Cortland, is at the Statler House.
Mayor Charles D. Jacob, of Louisville, is a guest at Capt. Campbell's hotel, the St. James.
J. Sterling Morton, of Nebraska, yesterday inserted his name upon the Hotel Brunswick register.

Ex-Gov. Henry M. Hoyt, of Pennsylvania, is at the Gilsey House, he is also Count Villain XIV., of Belgium.
Recently arrived at the Murray Hill are Col. George L. Gillespie, U. S. A., and ex-Gov. N. C. Gray, of Dakota.

Among the guests at the Astor House are A. C. Barron and Henry McIntyre, who are building the bridge over the Hudson at Poughkeepsie.
Ex-congressman A. A. Janssen and W. W. Crapo, of Massachusetts; John A. Logg, of Illinois, and Pacific Railway Commissioner David T. Lister are at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

Whither Are We Drifting?
From the Evening World.
Young Husband (read 100)—Well, did you succeed in getting a girl?
Young Wife—Yes, I secured one finally, but, oh, John, at such a cost.

"What were the terms?"
"She is to receive \$20 a week if she doesn't like you, but if she likes you I am to get a divorce and let her have you."

A Natural Inflection.
From the Richmond Dispatch.
"Bismarck is going to teach the Poles the German language because it will draw them nearer to Germany." Judging from the weather we must have been teaching the Poles the United States language.

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A CUBAN INSURGENT

At the End of a Small Clew.

BY

POLICE CAPT. M'DONNELL,
Of the Prince Street Station.

PART I.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE EVENING WORLD.]

One afternoon at the station-house the Sergeant told me that a man wished to speak with me. I told him I would try to bring him in. A moment later a middle-sized man, with a thin black beard and small eyes, entered the room.

He carried a bag with him such as peddlers use to hold their wares. He slunk into the room looking very pale before me.

"Well, my good man, what do you want to see me for," I inquired.

"Cap'n," he answered in a trembling voice, "the Chinaman who kept the restaurant on Wooster street has been killed."

"How did you find it out?" I asked him.

"I go there sometimes to get rice and hash," the peddler replied. "This afternoon about 5 o'clock I went down the steps and into the basement where John keeps. Cap'n, I didn't see him at first and thought he had gone out. But I looked around for it's kind of dark in there and you can't see very well without there's a light, and there was John lying on his side. He was half doubled up. He was all over blood, and his head was smashed in."

"I spoke to him. He didn't hear because he was dead," continued the man. "I felt of him, and he was pretty cold already and getting stiff. So I came here right off to tell you."

I got the name and address of the peddler and then went over to the place where the Chinaman kept his restaurant. It was in the neighborhood of Spring street. I knew the place very well, and had often seen the Chinaman around the door. He kept a cheap hash-house and did not do a very large business, though some of the draymen and drivers used to drop in and get a plate of boiled rice and gravy.

He was a quiet, inoffensive fellow and very sociable in his ways. But he never used to lose his temper when the men would chaff him and say things to him. He would move about attending to business, or sometimes give a quiet smile. He hardly ever answered back and was a very unlikely kind of fellow to get into a row.

When I got to the place there was a crowd around. They had got wind of the Chinaman being murdered, and were full of curiosity. I made my way down the steps leading into the basement.

There was the Chinaman, lying, as the peddler had said, half turned over on his stomach. There was a pool of blood on the floor. His skull was severely fractured, and the sight was a revolting one.

An examination of the body showed that he had been stabbed. There was a big, ugly cut in his left breast, near the heart. There was only this one stab, but it was a nasty one. He had been beaten around the head with some dull thing, though it was impossible to tell what the skull was smashed in so thoroughly.

On the floor, near the stove, there lay a big bread-knife. It had the large, broad blade, such as knives have, and was very sharp, coming to a sharp point. A more terrible weapon to run into a man could hardly be found, as the blade was almost two inches wide and the edge as keen as a razor. The bread-knife was covered with blood. The murderer had evidently used the knife to stab John and had thrown it on the floor after drawing it out.

Then, although such a wound was enough to cause any one's death, the man who had stabbed him probably did not want to have the Chinaman able to make any statement, if he were discovered promptly, and so clubbed him about the head.

Nothing was found about the restaurant to give any clue to the murderer. No one around the place had seen or heard anything to excite suspicion or draw attention to the restaurant. The peddler had turned in there to get something to eat, and he was the first, so far as it appeared, who had seen the dead man after the deed had been done.

For two days there was nothing that suggested the smallest clue to the murderer or the unfortunate John. He had not made any enemies among the neighbors. They all seemed to like him, as being a quiet, simple man, who attended to his business of supplying cheap food to his small number of customers, and never gave any trouble to anybody.

In looking around the place I had found several numbers chalked up on the wall, generally tens and fifteens, though once or twice there was a twenty-five and once a fifty. These numbers had dates with them for a month back. The fifty was with a date not three days before the man was found murdered.

In a drawer which had a lock to it I found among several trifling objects, two or three Chinese playing-cards. Chinamen have thin bits of pasteboard about two and a half or three inches long and not quarter of an inch wide. They are marked with the denominations and have figures for the court cards. These had red backs and rounded corners.

They shuffle and deal these cards as quickly and just as easily as a gambler would a deck of ordinary full-sized cards. They have a knack for doing small things. They will put little steel "gafts" on sparrows, and then have a regular cooking man with the birds.

On one of these cards was written something in Chinese characters, followed by the figures "175." Some of the numbers in chalk on the wall had been crossed out, or rubbed over with the fingers. There were four or five that had been cancelled in this way. The sum of the others was 175.

Putting this and that together, I thought that perhaps some one had been "gafted" things "hung up on the slate" by the Chinaman. The 10 would stand for the price of some rice and coffee, and these smaller numbers were more frequent.

The fifty, which was only three days back, was the largest figure on the list. It seemed

possible that some customer had run up this little account, and after the extravagance of getting 10 cents charged at one time, John had "totaled up" the bill and taken a note on the playing-card for the full indebtedness. According to this theory, some one owed John \$1.75 for things he had got at the restaurant which had been charged, and John meant to ask him for the money, and so had added up the check mark on the wall.

This didn't seem to shed very much of a light on things. But everything has to be noted in a case like this, and two or three little things may fit together and make a big thing. For two days, as I said, there was nothing to give any clue. Then a German called at the station, having a boy twelve years old with him. He came into my room and said to me:

"Captain, this boy has something to say to you about the Chinaman who was killed on Wooster street. Go on, now, and tell the Captain what you say," he said encouragingly to the boy.

The boy then told me this in a timid sort of way.

"I was going by John's place about 1 o'clock. Just as I was going by the door opened and John started to run up the steps. A man came after him from inside and pulled him back into the shop. John tried not to go, but he did not stop. The man pulled him inside and shut the door."

"And we think he may be the man that killed the Chinaman," said the man.

"What kind of looking man was the one who pulled the Chinaman into the shop?" I asked the boy.

"He was a dark man. He looked like a mulatto, but he was dark; and not very big, though he seemed strong."

"And what did you do after you saw the Chinaman pulled in?"

"I waited a minute. Then the dark man came to the door, scowling, and asked me what I was looking round there for, and told me to go along. Then I went home."

This was all the boy had to tell, but it was something. The dark man might be a light-colored negro or a Spaniard. The Chinese playing-card with the writing on it and the 175 I took to a Chinaman and got him to tell me what the written part was. He said that it was S-A-N-C-H-E-Z.

Sanchez is a Spanish name. The man whom the boy had seen was middle-sized, swarthy and strong; also of a passionate disposition presumably, for he was rough with the Chinaman and cross to the boy. The number following the name was the amount of the small check scrawled on the wall, which were charged against somebody, probably for food.

INSIDE FACTS ABOUT SUGAR.

HOW THE TARIFF HAS BEEN DOCTORED TO FAVOR THE MONOPOLISTS.

A Reduction or Removal of the Duty on the High Grades of Raw Sugar Urged as a Remedy—Interesting Facts About the Consumption of Sugar at the Hotels and Restaurants—The Tax Burden.

"I am glad to see THE EVENING WORLD making such a bold and persistent attack on these Sugar Trust rascals," said an old-time merchant to-day, "and so is every one else in the trade outside of the refiners. The only way to break up this band of public robbers is to thoroughly ventilate them. The public may kick a good deal now, but when they know all they will kick so hard that something is bound to give. When it is apparent to those who know the inside workings of the trust and what it is based upon, how easily their power could be destroyed and New York made at the same time the greatest sugar market of the world, one might be pardoned for getting a little excited when discussing the matter."

That is the remedy? Free sugar, and by this I mean free raw sugar. The refiners are entitled to some protection, and I wouldn't grudge them a fair duty on refined sugar, but all raw sugar ought to be admitted free, and then there would be no danger of trust or any other sort of monopoly being formed. The public could go into the market and buy sugar that would be fit for table use without going to the refiners at all, for some of the higher grades of unrefined sugar are almost white.

It will be seen by investigating the matter that the present trust is based entirely upon the protection which the refiners are afforded by the tariff. Without it they would be absolutely helpless. This can be easily understood by taking these points into consideration:

First, that no sugar fit for use without passing through the refiners' hands, can be imported into this country. On all grades of foreign sugar above No. 3 color, Dutch standard, the duty is over 10 cents a pound, which is practically prohibitory, and on the highest grades the duty runs up to more than 100 per cent. on the market value of the sugar. 20 is nearly white, and for table sugar it is as good as many grades of refined.

In the second place, the tariff on the lower grades of sugar, which must pass through the refiners, is placed relatively so much lower than that on the higher grades that a very large discrimination is made in favor of the refiners and against the public, who are the consumers, for it enables the refiners to obtain their raw material at a relatively cheap price, and at the same time to charge a very much higher price for the refined and one-half cent raise on the pound is an extortion. At this house a great deal of sugar is of course consumed in the hotel and one-half cent raise means from \$10 to \$15 extra cost a month on that commodity.

At Baker's restaurant in Third avenue, near Seventeenth street, Mr. Barker said: "I am opposed," he said emphatically, "to the so-called trusts, of which the Sugar Trust is a shining example. They are the ruin of a trade and a curse to the public. There was a good profit in sugar at its old price, and the one and one-half cent raise on the pound is an extortion. At this house a great deal of sugar is of course consumed in the hotel and one-half cent raise means from \$10 to \$15 extra cost a month on that commodity."

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